

### In the Bishop's Carriage

By MIRIAM NICHOLSON

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"Honesty isn't the best policy," he went on; "it's the only one. The vain fool that gets it into his head—or shall I say her head? No? Well, no offense, I assure you—his head, then, that he's smarter than a world full of experience, ought to be put in jail—for his own protection; he's too big a jay to be left out of doors. For 5,000 years, more or less, the world has been putting people like him behind bars, where they can't make asses of themselves. Yet each year, and every day and every hour, a new ninny is born who fancies he's cleverer than all his predecessors put together. Talk about suckers! Why, they're giants of intellect compared to the mentally lopsided that 5,000 years of experience can't teach. When the criminal-clown's turn comes, he hops, skips and jumps into the ring with the old, old gag. He thinks it's new, because he himself is so fresh and green. 'Here I am again,' he yells, 'the fellow that'll do you up. Others have tried it. They're dead, in jail or under jail-yards. But me—just watch me!' We do, and after a little we put him with his mates and a keeper in a barred kindergarten where fools that can't learn, little moral cripples of both sexes, my dear, belong. Bah!" He puffed out the smoke, throwing his head back, in a cloud toward the ceiling.

I sprang from my seat and faced him. I was tingling all through. I didn't care a rap what became of me for just that minute. I forgot about Tom. I prayed that the cop wouldn't come for a minute yet—but only that I might answer him.

"You're mighty smart, ain't you? You can sit back here and sneer at me, can't you? And feel so big and smart and triumphant! What've you done but catch a girl at her first bungling job! It makes you feel awfully cocky, don't it? 'What a big man am I!' Bah!" I blew the smoke up toward the ceiling from my mouth, with just that satisfied gall that he had had; or rather, I pretended to. He let down the front legs of his chair and began to stare at me.

"And you don't know it all, Mr. Manager, not you. Your clown-criminal don't jump into the ring because he's so full of fun he can't stay out. He goes in for the same reason the real clown does—because he gets hungry and thirsty and sleepy and tired like other men, and he's got to fill his stomach and cover his back and get a place to sleep. And it's because your kind gets too much, that my kind gets so little it has to piece it out with this sort of thing. No, you don't know it quite all.

"There's a girl named Nancy Olden that could tell you a lot, smart as you are. She could show you the inside of the Cruelty, where she was put so young she never knew that children had mothers and fathers, till a red-haired girl named Mag Monahan told her; and then she was mighty glad she hadn't any. She thought that all little girls were bloodless and dirty, and all little boys were filthy and had black purple marks where their fathers had tried to gouge out their eyes. She thought all women were like the matron who came with a visitor up to the bare room, where we played without toys—the new, dirty, newly-bruised ones of us, and the old, clean, healing ones of us—and said: 'Here, chicks, is a lady who's come to see you. Tell her how happy you are here.' Then Mag's freckled little face, her finger in her mouth, looked up like this. She was always afraid it might be her mother come for her. And the crippled boy jerked himself this way—I used to mimic him, and he'd laugh with the rest of them—over the bare floor. He always hoped for a penny. Sometimes he even got it.

"And the boy with the gouged eye—he would hold his pants up like this. He had just come in, and there was nothing to fit him. And he'd put his other hand over his bad eye and blink up at her like this. And the littlest boy—oh! ha! ha! ha!—you ought to have seen that littlest boy. He was in skirts, an old dress they'd given me to wear the first day I came; there were no pants small enough for him. He'd backed up into the corner and hid his face—like this—and peep over his shoulder; he had a squint that way, that made his face so funny. See, it makes you laugh yourself. But his body—my God!—it was blue with welts! And me—I'd put the baby down that'd been left on the doorsteps of the Cruelty, and I'd wait up to the lady, the nice, patronizing, rich lady, with her handkerchief to her nose and her lorgnette to her eyes—see, like this. I knew just what graft would work her. I knew what she wanted there. I'd learned. So I'd make her a curtsy like this, and in the ploudest sing-song I'd—"

There was a heavy step out in the hall—it was the policeman! I'd forgot while I was talking. I was back—back in the empty garret, at the top of the Cruelty. I could smell the smell of the poor, the dirty, weak sick poor. I could taste the porridge in the thick little bowls, like those in the bear story Molly told her kid. I could hear the stifled sobs that wise, poor children give—quiet ones, so they'll not be beaten again. I could feel the night, when strange, deserted, tortured babies lie for the first time, each in his small white cot, the new ones waking the old with their cries in a nightmare of what had happened before they got to the Cruelty. I could see the world barred over, as I saw it first through the Cruelty's barred windows, and as I must see it again, now that—

"You see, you don't know it quite

all—yet, Mr. Manager!" I spat it out at him, and then walked to the cop, my hands ready for the bracelets.

"But there's one thing I do know!" He's a big fellow but quick on his feet, and in a minute he was up and between me and the cop. "And there isn't a theatrical man in all America that knows it quicker than Fred Obermuller, that can detect it sooner and develop it better. And you've got it, girl, you've got it! Officer, take this for your trouble. I couldn't hold the fellow, after all. Never mind which way he went; I'll call up the office and explain."

He shut the door after the cop, and came back to me. I had fallen into a chair. My knees were weak, and I was trembling all over.

"Have you seen the playlet Charity at the Vaudeville?" he roared at me. I shook my head.

"Well, it's a scene in a foundling asylum. Here's a pass. Go up now and see it. If you hurry you'll get there just in time for that act. Then if you come to me at the office in the morning at ten, I'll give you a chance as one of the Charity girls. Do you want it?"

God, Mag! Do I want it!

CHAPTER V.  
D O YOU remember Lady Patronesses' day at the Cruelty, Mag? Remember how the place smelt of cleaning ammonia on the bare floors? Remember the black dresses we all wore, and the white aprons with the little bibs, and the oily sweetness of the matron, and how our faces shone and tingled from the soap and the rubbing? Remember it all?

Well, who'd 'a' thought then that Nance Olden ever would make use of it—on the level, too!

Drop the Cruelty, and tell you about the stage? Why, it's bare boards back there, bare as the Cruelty, but oh, there's something that you don't see, but you feel it—something magic that makes you want to pinch yourself to be sure you're awake. I go round there just doped with it; my face, if you could see it, must look like Molly's kid's when she's telling him fairy stories.

I love it, Mag! I love it!

And what do I do? That's what I was trying to tell you about the Cruelty for. It's in a little act that was made for Lady Gray, that there are four Charity girls on the stage, and I'm one of 'em.

Lady Gray? Why, Mag, how can you ever hope to get on if you don't know who's who? How can you expect me to associate with you if you're so ignorant? Yes—a real Lady, as real as the wife of a Lord can be. Lord Harold Gray's a sure enough Lord, and she's his wife, but—but a chippy, just the same; that's what she is. In spite of the Gray emeralds and that great Gray rose diamond she wears on the tiniest chain around her scraggy neck. Do you know, Mag Monahan, that this Lady Harold Gray was just a chorus girl—and a sweet chorus it must have been if she sang there!—when she nabbed Lord Harold?

You'd better keep your eye on Nancy Olden, or first thing you know she'll marry the czar of Russia—or Tom Dorgan, poor fellow, when he gets out! . . . Well, just the same, Mag, if that white-faced, scrawny little creature can be a lady, a girl with ten times her brains, and at least half a dozen times her good looks—oh, we're not shy on the stage, Mag, about throwing bouquets at ourselves! Can she act? Don't be silly, Mag! Can't you see that Obermuller's just hiring her title and playing it in his letters on the bills for all it's worth? She acts the Lady Patroness, come to look at us Charity girls. She comes on, though, looking like a fairy princess. Her dress is just blazing with diamonds. There's the lady's coronet in her hair. Her thin little arms are banded with gold and diamonds, and on her neck—O, Mag, Mag, that rose diamond is the color of rose leaves in a fountain's jet through which the sun is shining. It's long—long as my thumb—I swear it is, Mag—nearly, and it blazes, oh, it blazes—

Well, it blazes dollars into Obermuller's box all right, for the Gray jewels are advertised in the bill with this one at the head of the list, the star of them all.

You see it's this way: Lord Harold Gray's bankrupt. He's poor as—Nance Olden. Isn't that funny? But he's got the family jewels all right, to have as long as he lives. Nary a one can he sell, though, for after his death they go to the next Lord Gray. So he makes 'em make a living for him, and as they can't go on and exhibit themselves, Lady Gray sports 'em—and draws down \$200 a week.

Yep—two hundred. But do you know it isn't the two hundred dollars a week that makes me envy her till I'm sick; it's that rose diamond. If you could only see it, Mag, you'd sympathize with me, and understand why my fingers just itched for it the first night I saw her come on.

"Pon my soul, Mag, the sight of it blazing on her neck dazzled me so that it shut out all the staring audience that first night, and I even forgot to have stage fright."

"What's doped you, Olden?" Obermuller asked when the curtain went down, and we all hurried to the wings. I was in the black dress with the white-bibbed apron, and I looked up at him still dazed by the shine of that diamond and my longing for it. You'd almost kill with your own hands for a diamond like that, Mag!

"Doped? Why—what didn't I do?" I asked him.

"That's just it," he said, looking at me curiously; but I could feel his disappointment in me. "You didn't do anything—not a blasted thing more than you were told to do. The world's full of supers that can do that."

For just a minute I forgot the diamond.

"Then—it's a mistake? You were wrong—and I can't be an actress?" He threw back his head before he answered, puffing a mouthful of smoke

up at the ceiling, as he did the night he caught me. The gesture itself seemed to remind him of what had made him think in the first place he could make an actress of me. For he laughed down at me, and I saw he remembered.

"Well," he said, "we'll wait and see. . . . I was mistaken, though, sure enough, about one thing that night."

I looked up at him.

"You're a darn sight prettier than I thought you were. The gold brick you sold me isn't all—"

He put out his hand to touch my chin. I sidestepped, and he turned laughing to the stage.

But he called after me.

"Is a beauty success going to content you, Olden?"

"Well, we'll wait and see," I drawled back at him in his own throaty bass.

Oh, I was drunk, Mag, drunk with thinking about that diamond! I didn't care even to please Obermuller. I just wanted the feel of that diamond in my hand. I wanted it lying on my own neck—the lovely, cool, shining, rosy thing. It's like the sunrise, Mag, that beauty stone. It's just a tiny pool of water blushing. It's—

How to get it! How to get away with it! On what we'd get for that diamond, Tom and I—when his time is up—could live for all our lives and whoop it up besides. We could live in Paris, where great grafters live and grafting pays—where, if you've got wit and £50,000, and happen to be a "darn sight prettier," you can just spin the world around your little finger!

But, do you know, even then I couldn't bear to think of selling the pretty thing? It hurt me to think of anybody having it but just Nance Olden.

But I hadn't got it yet.

Gray has a dressing-room to herself. And on her table—which is a big box, open end down—just where the three-sided big mirror can multiply the jewels and make you want 'em three times as bad, her big russet-leather, silver-mounted box lies open, while she's dressing and undressing. Other times it's locked tight, and his lordship himself has it tight in his own right hand, or his lordship's man, Topham, has it just as tight.

How to get that diamond! There was a hard nut for Nance Olden's sharp teeth to crack. I only wanted that—never say I'm greedy, Mag—Gray could keep all the rest of the things—the pigeon in rubies and pearls, the tiara all in diamonds, the chain of pearls, and the blazing rings, and the waist-trimming all of emeralds and diamond stars. But that diamond, that huge rose diamond, I couldn't, I just couldn't let her have it.

And yet I didn't know the first step to take toward getting it, till Beryl Blackburn helped me out. She's one of the Charities, like me—a tall bleached blonde with a pretty, pale face and gold-gray eyes. And, if you'd believe her, there's not a man in the audience, afternoon or evening, that isn't dead-gone on her.

"Guess who's my latest," she said to me this afternoon, while we four Charities stood in the wings waiting.

"Topham—old Topham!"

"It all got clear to me then in a minute."

"Topham—nothing!" I sneered. "Beryl Bighead, Topham thinks of only one thing—mildady's jewel-box. Don't you fool yourself."

"Oh, does he, miss! Well just to prove it, he let me try on the rose diamond last night. There!"

"It's easy to say so, but I don't see the proof. He'd lose his job so quick it'd make his head spin if he did it."

"Not if he did, but if they knew he did. You'll not tell?"

"Not me. Why would I? I don't believe it, and I wouldn't expect anybody else to. I don't believe you could get Topham to budge from his chair in Gray's dressing-room if you'd—"

"What'll you bet?"

"I'll bet you the biggest box of chocolate creams at Huyler's."

"Done! I'll send for him to-night, just before Gray and her lord come, and you'll see—"

"How'll I see? Where'll I be?"

"Well, you're waiting in the little hall right off Gray's dressing-room at 7:30 to-night—and you might as well bring the creams with you."

Catch on, Mag? At 7:30 in the evening I was waiting; but not in the little hall off Gray's dressing-room. I hadn't gone home at all after the afternoon performance—you know we play at three, and again at 8:30. I had just hidden me away till the rest were gone, and as soon as the coast was clear I got into Gray's dressing-room, pushed aside the chintz curtains of the big box that makes her dressing-table—and waited.

(To Be Continued.)

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### BUSINESS DULL

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Deputy United States Marshal Brown Has Time for Agricultural Pursuits.

Government jobs are not always the "cinch" they are thought to be—that is as far as the financial part is concerned—and especially is this true in the offices where fees constitute the salary.

Deputy United States Marshal Wade Brown receives his salary in fees, but finds that the office has not been a profitable one. He has had but little work to do since the last term of federal court and has been farming for the past several weeks. This morning he went up the Louisville division of the Illinois Central on the first official business since May 23.

"Yes, I have not been busy since May and have been putting in my time farming," he declared. "There are no more boot-legging cases reported, and the only business I have done in weeks was the service of papers in admiralty matters and this took but a few minutes."

### NEGRO ASSAULT

WOMAN FIRES TWO SHOTS AT HER ASSAILANT.

Negro Arrested at Richmond Answers the Description Given By Victim.

Ford, Ky., July 12.—Mrs. Anderson Crawford was brutally assaulted and beaten by an unknown negro at her home near this place. However she succeeded in driving her assailant off and fired two shots at him as he ran up the hill from the Crawford home. The entire country is out searching for the brute. Mrs. Crawford is in a very critical condition.

Suspect Arrested at Richmond.

Richmond, Ky., July 12.—Frank Coshy, a negro, was arrested here in a saloon. From the description furnished by the officials of Ford, Ky., he is believed to be the man who brutally assaulted Mrs. Anderson Crawford at her home, near here, this afternoon.

A HORSE SHOW.

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Horseflesh has always been more a matter of fad with the owner of the John Robinson Shows than one of business, for if a horse caught his fancy his price was a secondary consideration, and the result is the show boasts of the finest lot of horses in the circus world. From a magnificent herd of Arabian whirlwind steeds of the desert, lithe-limbed racing thoroughbreds from Kentucky's blue grass region, deep-chested English jumping horses, and the horse markets of the world furnished the hundreds of broad-backed draft horses, all thorough-bred Norman and Percheon stock, down to the diminutive Shetland and Welsh ponies, it is a horseman's paradise, this show of equine supremacy. The advance heralds tell of the coming of the show to our city on Saturday, July 14, and the lovers of all that is to be admired in horseflesh will enjoy the treat.

EXTRAORDINARY RUN.

Bernard Coal Company Has Ten Hour Output of 2,210 Tons.

The St. Bernard Coal company, operator of the St. Charles, Ky., coal mines, is bragging over a feat accomplished Monday, which sets other mines back a few notches for the present. The mines made a ten hour run Monday and had an output of 2,210 tons of coal, a remarkable run. These competitions have been interesting from year to year, and it is said that this is the biggest day's work done by any mine in Central Kentucky with the same force and working the same time, in years.

NO CHILD THERE.

Screams Give Neighbor Horrors Until Well Is Dragged.

Coroner Frank Eaker yesterday afternoon dragged an old cistern on the Palmer property on Clark street beyond Tenth street, searching for the body of a child supposed to have fallen into the cistern. Mrs. James Clark resides at 1013 Clark, and the well is on a vacant lot adjoining her property. She heard screams the night before and imagined a child had fallen into the cistern. The coroner found nothing but a lot of old clothes and debris which had been thrown into the well.

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